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# The Grey Jacket.

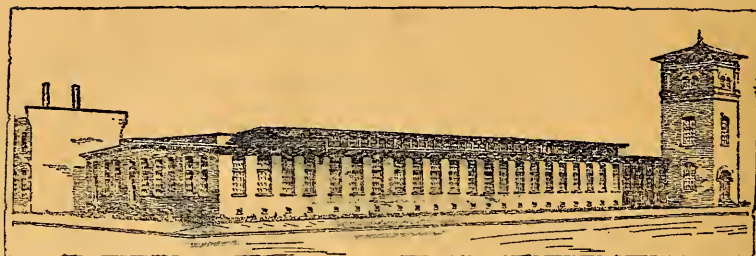


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# The Grey Jacket.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Vol. I, No. 1.

Lord God of Hosts be with us yet!  
Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

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## JACKET OF GREY.

When the raindrops are pattering downward  
And the clouds are dark and drear,  
We always go to the attic  
To play with our treasures there.  
We have many games and employments,  
But the one that we love the best  
Is to get the key from grandma,  
And open the old oak chest.

And what a mixture of finery  
Is stored in that musty old place,  
There are silks and satins and velvets,  
Broadcloth, brocade and lace;  
There are ball-dresses, tea-gowns and habits,  
And an elegant court-lady's dress,  
Clothes from all ages and patterns,  
And a ruff from the time of Queen Bess,  
But among all that elegant finery,  
And though faded, they all are still gay,  
There is one above all that we cherish  
A dear old jacket of grey.

They are all worn out and faded,  
And all have seen their best days,  
Yet each of them seem to remind us  
Of their triumphs in different ways.  
The others may tell the best stories  
Of events and happenings more gay;  
But for me, I'd rather remember  
The time when our boys wore the grey.

—FLORENCE THOMAS.

## THE GREY JACKET.

## EDITORIAL.

The Julia Jackson Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy has added a new name to the already long roll list, namely, THE GREY JACKET. If he is a little bashful at first, for this is the first time that he has made his appearance in the literary world, we are sure that if he is given a warm welcome he will repay anyone who will take an interest in him.

We hoped to begin the new year by publishing THE GREY JACKET, but owing to many unavoidable difficulties, we were unable to do so. But now that we have such a favorable opportunity we hope that every true Southerner who loves anything connected with the "Lost Cause," will help us make it a success. Where is the Southerner whose heart does not thrill, and pulses quicken, at the mention of this sacred theme?

Where is the man who does not love everything connected with "The Lost Cause?"

"In battle they all died for us,  
Our unknown, loved and cherished dead;  
And while we think of Jackson and Lee,  
Of the things they did and said,  
What'er our lot in life may be,  
We'll n'eer forget our dead."

In every country in the world the government of each has some way of rewarding soldiers who have accomplished some special act of bravery. Many countries, including England and Germany, give their heroes crosses of honor. Lord Roberts, now Commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, won his Victoria cross by recapturing, with great danger to his own life, a British standard. Our brave Confederate soldiers—for all of them were brave—have no government to award them honors; they have only the love of all the people in the Southland.

The Children of the Confederacy wish this year to present to the Veterans of Mecklenburg Camp of North

Carolina, small iron crosses as a recognition of bravery unsurpassed, duty nobly done, and as a token of our devotion to them and to the cause they represent.

We are very proud of our "Old North State" knowing that she gave nearly 130,000 men to the Confederate army, more than any other State in the Confederate States of America.

And our generals, such names as D. H. Hill, Pender, Ramseur, Grimes, Hoke, Bragg and Branch will live forever in the annals of the world's history.

One of our favorite Commanders is Bryan Grimes, a Major-General in the Confederate army. He was deeply interested in the movements of the Southern States at the first signs of the storm which was rapidly approaching. He hastened to Fort Sumter as soon as he heard of the attack there, but did not arrive until after the surrender.

He was made a member of the State convention but resigned his seat soon after, feeling that duty called him to the field. He was offered the position of Lieutenant Colonel, but he refused this and many others saying that he had never had any military training. He accepted the appointment, however, of Major of the Fourth Regiment of North Carolina. He remained drilling with his regiment until he was ordered to Richmond.

Major Grimes was soon appointed Lieutenant Colonel. It was at Seven Pines that his regiment first took active part in battle. He led into this battle 545 men—including officers—and 487 were either killed or wounded.

He was soon after this appointed Brigadier General. He won high honors in the battles around Chancellorsville, and also in the Pennsylvanian campaign. Hon. H. A. London, who has written a life of General Grimes, says that "In the first day's fight at Gettysburg, Col. Grimes drove the enemy through Gettysburg to the heights beyond, capturing more prisoners than there were men in his command. Had this temporary success been



followed promptly by Lee's army, Gettysburg would not have sounded the death knell of the Southern Confederacy. Grimes fought through the battles of the wilderness.

It is said that General Lee thanked his brigade in person for its gallantry, telling them that they deserved the thanks of the country—they had saved his army."

During the campaign in the Valley of Virginia, Grimes commanded the division that General Ramseur had before his death. This division was composed of two North Carolina brigades, one from Georgia and one from Alabama.

"While North Carolina may well be proud of her troops in the civil war, she has especial cause to be proud of such heroes as composed those two brigades." General Grimes fought bravely until the surrender at Appomattox. He planned and led the last charge made by the army of Northern Virginia.

Another one of our famous N. C. Commanders was the brave General L. O'B. Branch, who commanded the 33rd regiment. When he was shot at Harper's Ferry the whole South mourned for him. "General Lee had the highest opinion of his genius as a soldier and his worth as a man." General A. P. Hill says "the Confederacy has to mourn the loss of a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman. He was my senior brigadier and one to whom I could have entrusted the command of the division with all confidence. During the entire war this regiment numbered 1,600 men and when they surrendered at Appomattox they numbered only 108 men and 10 officers."

"The Southern soldiers were the equals in every possible respect of any soldiers that ever fought for God or man. The world must bow before such men. We failed only because it was impossible to succeed." "It was not in mortals to command success. We did more—deserved it."

## THE FIRST BATTLE FLAG.

The first thrill of horror which shook this country when the news of the fight at Big Bethel was flashed through the land has hardly yet subsided. But the memory of Big Bethel has become dimmed by the many greater and more dreadful battles which rapidly succeeded it. History now barely mentions the fact of the fight there and few can tell who were the troops engaged in it.

On the 10th of June, 1861, Gen. Butler sent out troops from Fortress Monroe to attack the Confederates stationed some distance inland, Big Bethel church near the fort. They were repulsed by a small Confederate force consisting of the First North Carolina regiment and four Virginia howitzers under command of Gen. D. H. Hill.

This engagement ended in a precipitate rout of the enemy.

The color company of the 1st. N. C. regiment was Company E., formerly the "Buncombe Riflemen," of Asheville. The flag they carried into Big Bethel fight was the first one baptized in blood in a field engagement during the war. The flag was made by six young ladies of Asheville and presented to the Buncombe Riflemen. The flag was made of silk, the material contributed from the dresses of three of the young ladies. Miss Anna Woodfin was chosen in behalf of the young ladies to present the flag.

The flag was taken to Richmond and when Company E became the color company it became the regimental flag of the first fight of the war.

Only one Confederate was killed, that was Harry Wyatt, of the Buncombe Riflemen. He was the first field martyr of the war.

The 1st N. C. Regiment was only enlisted for six months and on their being mustered out Capt. Clayton carried the flag home. Miss Anna Woodfin embroidered on the white bar the word "Bethel."

The people of North Carolina showing a commendable spirit of patriotism and delicacy of sentiment, have ordered a life size oil portrait of young Wyatt, and to-day it adorns the State House at Raleigh. Capt. Clayton has tendered this hallowed flag to Gov. Holt as a suitable drapery for that portrait, and it is possible that even to-day the first Confederate flag wraps the noble form of the South's first martyr.

BELLE K. ABBOTT.  
Atlanta Journal, 1881.

### THE CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

"No history of the war would be complete without a tribute to the Confederate Women. It would be unjust to them to say that they were simply patriotic, for while they were of all patriots the greatest, they gave the Southern cause the benefit of much more than their good wishes. No women at any time in the history of the world ever surrendered as much to any cause as did the women of the South. There have been instances where hundreds have indeed made every sacrifice, but this is the only instance where a nation of women worked and fought for a nation."

"There was undoubtedly not one woman in the entire South during the last year of the war of whom it could have been said she lived in luxury. The wife of the President of the Confederacy sold her silver for the cause. The invalid wife of the General of the Confederate army spent her small strength in knitting socks for the Confederate soldiers. Little girls occupied their play hours in picking lint for Confederate soldiers wounds. Saints—good, beautiful, patient, cheering—they proved angels on the battlefields and in the hospitals."

"They starved at home in order to send their scanty food to the army."

"Worn and broken by privation they wrote letters



beaming with hope and gladness to the camp, and resounding defiance to the foe."

"No country ever had such loving daughters, no cause such tireless champions. They were the last to be reconstructed. Some of them have never been reconstructed. Some of them never will be reconstructed."

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#### THE MAN OF THE 12TH. OF MAY.

Lines written in January, 1865, in commemoration of Gordon's charge at Bloody Angle, Spottsylvania Court House, May 12th, 1864. Hancock had taken the Confederate line, capturing Ed. Johnson and his division. Gen. John B. Gordon led the charge in which the lines were recovered after a desperate struggle. Hancock had telegraphed to Grant as follows: "I have whipped out Johnson and am pitching into Early."

When history tells her story,  
Of the noble hero band,  
Who have made the green fields gory  
For the life of their native land;  
How grand will be the picture  
Of Georgia's proud array,  
As they drove the boasting foeman back  
On that glorious 12th of May, boys,  
That glorious 12th of May.

Whose mien is ever proudest  
When we hold the foe at bay,  
Whose war-cry cheers the loudest  
As we rush to the bloody fray!  
'Tis Gordon's! Our reliance!  
Fearless as on the day  
When he hurled his grand defiance,  
In that charge of the 12th of May, boys,  
That charge of the 12th of May.

Who, who can be a coward!  
What freeman fear to die  
When Gordon orders "forward!"  
And the red cross floats on high?  
Follow his tones inspiring,  
On, on to the field! Away!  
And we'll see the foe retiring  
As they did on the 12th of May, boys,  
As they did on the 12th of May.

## THE GREY JACKET.

This is no time for sighing,  
What e'er our fate may be;  
Tis sweet to think that dying,  
We will leave our country free!  
Though the storms of battle pelt her  
She'll defy the tyrants sway,  
And our breasts will be her shelter  
As they were on the 12th of May, boys,  
As they were on the 12th of May.

—ROBERT H. FALLIGANT.

---

JACK.

Indeed the ball had been a perfect failure. The ball she had looked forward to with so many delightful anticipations; so mused Leslie Carter as she sat toasting her small feet in front of the big, open fire. Jack Hamilton had not come near her but once, but what difference did that make, she knew that there were many others who would have risked their lives for even one word from her. Had not Richard Wolcot the handsome young New Englander visiting the Hamiltons been her shadow the whole evening? After Jack had crowned her queen of love and beauty that morning at the tournament, why had he stood so sad and gloomy against the door?

Of course she didn't care but she hated to have an old friend neglect her, then of all times in the world. She remembered how when they were children, Jack used to raise pet dogs, cats and chickens for her, had taught her to ride horseback like a cowboy, and shoot from behind trees like an Indian, he had begged permission for her to go to her first ball at the college commencement, and had been perfectly lovely to her. Walter, Jack's seventeen year old brother, was the same, why had Jack changed so and it was just after that Dick Wolcot had come—not more than three weeks after he had written her the poem; could Jack Hamilton be jealous? No! the very idea, how could she think such a thing. But after all she didn't care much except he was so jolly and was her old play-

mate. She rose and walking to her desk got out a box from which she took out all Jack's letters and read them over and over again, the letters Jack had written her while he was at college, full of such boyish pranks and funny difficulties with the teachers.

And now he was back, just because another took some special notice of her he refused to notice her at all. She was sure she didn't care, she wasn't especially nice to Mr. Wolcot, but then her eye fell on the following lines of the poem;

"If anything in the world I'd like  
It would your slave to be."

She folded it up and put it with the letters back in the box. She could not make out the problem so she retired—for sleep is the solver of all difficulties.

\* \* \*

Life had gone on in the same way for two weeks now, Jack had still been indifferent and gloomy, and Richard Wolcot more attentive than ever.

Then in the midst of it all war had been declared. Wolcot had dismally hurried to join the Union army, and Jack had donned his grey uniform and gone to war. Leslie was miserable. Though to herself she still declared she cared nothing for him. She and her father were more together than ever now, as old Dr. Mason said, "They are just like school children together." Mr. Mason was one of Leslie's numerous ardent admirers, he had told a stranger once, "She is the prettiest girl in the south; I saw her once just as she was starting on a fox hunt, she stood on the steps, a girl tall slender and dark-eyed: (indeed as some one says Southern blood seems to make itself known in eyes and eyelashes.) Her rosy cheeks were surrounded by a halo of dark brown hair and the close fitting habit added to her height. The elbow of one arm was pressed closely to her side so as to hold up the long skirt and gold headed riding whip. On her head was a

soft grey felt hat which made a beautiful contrast to her dark tresses. If she were talking on any subject whatever it would be a pleasure to listen to her," and indeed what the Dr. said was not far from true, for Leslie Carter was one of the State's acknowledged beauties, and her powers of entertainment were as great as her beauty.

But Jack had gone to war. It is true he had come and told Leslie goodbye, but it had been such a constrained goodbye, not at all like the old Jack would have done it. But it was done now and she could only think over it and about him, and watch for reports in the papers of him (and she was hardly ever disappointed, for in almost every paper there were reports of his individual bravery), which she certainly did well.

\* \* \*

One morning as she stood on the front steps reading the paper, her eye suddenly caught in the list of captured Southerners in the last battle, the name of Jack Hamilton. The paper fell from her hands and she sank on the steps in a heap, but suddenly recovered from the blow. She sat up and looked wonderingly around. Then and there she decided she must pay a visit to her aunt in New York who lived near Elnira prison.

The next week was full of preparing, planning and thinking. What good would it do for her to go there? How would she get through the lines on such an errand as that? Even if she did that would not help Jack Hamilton. She could not go to the Governor and plead for him. No! She was too proud for that. She, Leslie Carter, go to New York and plead for a man who had never told her that he loved her? The idea was degrading. At last a thought struck her! The hospital right there within three miles of her was almost closed for want of medicines. She would go North and stay with her aunt who was just a "lukewarm Southerner"; she, a true Southern girl, would pretend she was not really very enthusiastic

over the Southern Cause—the thought pained her deeply—she would get the needed medicines, and last, but not least, she would get Jack Hamilton out of prison. Yes, she, his little playmate, would set him free. It was hard, she knew. She could not even hint that she cared for him at all, and yet she was going to get him out; yes, she.

The next week Leslie started on her perilous journey northward. All her trials and adventures it would be hard to tell. Twice she was captured and held by the Yankees for a day or two as a spy, but her beauty and her wit always held their sway. Leslie Carter was brilliant, that she knew and used it to effect.

At last her dangerous journey was at an end. She had arrived, after many days delay, at her destination. Her aunt was delighted. She had longed for a beautiful girl in the house, and now that she had her wish, she would make things “buzz.” Leslie read her aunt through and through in a day or two, and determined to make the most of her opportunities.

The first week was crowded night after night, day after day with balls, receptions, walks, drives, etc., but didn’t the thought of it make her sick. There was Jack in prison, and she, seemingly, enjoying life. Didn’t she sob herself to sleep every night? Of course Jack had heard she was there (for her name was on everybody’s lips), and even if he didn’t love her, she knew he would think it strange she didn’t come to see him. But no, Leslie was going to put them all on the wrong track. She care for a Southern prisoner? No indeed! She had hundreds of lovers there now and chief among them was the Governor. All along her one hope had been this, now she knew that it was so. The very next night he was going to give an elegant reception in her honor. Everybody of importance was to be invited and she must look beautiful and be charming. These were her thoughts at the end of her first week in the city of New York.



Leslie was almost ready to start to the much talked of reception. She had had a great many offers to escort her there, but she refused them all to accept Richard Wolcot. She looked more beautiful than ever before in her short life. She wore white organdie with a big pink sash and tiny pink high-heeled slippers with great gold buckles which had been her grandmothers.

When she walked into the big hall with its rich hangings and furniture there was a hushed murmur of excitement and all eyes were turned towards her. As soon as the news of her arrival at his home reached the Governor he came quickly to where she was holding her court near the front door. Every minute a ripple of merriment would be heard from the merry group at the door, but when the Governor came and asked her if she would like to see the house, and she accepted, such a look of disappointment came on the faces of all around her, that she laughed gaily, turned on one of the high heels and walked off, the Governor following behind, looking more as if she was showing him the house. After seeing room after room, some rich and beautiful, others fresh and dainty, she suddenly asked him to take her in his study that she might see what a great man's study looked like. He hesitated, and then granted her request. As she entered her eyes immediately sought the desk which was covered with papers of all sizes, papers with official seals, papers with none, some neatly written, others blotted and scrawled. But suddenly her eye caught one freshly written with the heading, "Captured to be Exchanged." Her eye quickly followed the list; alas! Jack Hamilton's was not one of them. She held up the paper, "I know some of these men and am glad that they are going to be free to shoot at your excellency's men once more," she laughed.

"You do! I hope you are not in love with any of them," he asked rather anxiously.

"Oh no!" she answered, "but I was just thinking, I don't

see the name of a friend of mine down here, I know his mother and thought—as you are always begging me to let you do something for me—I would like for you to add his name to the list, for I heard the President had given you permission to exchange the ones you thought best.

The Governor did not answer but looked intently into those deep eyes as though he was trying to read her heart. She gave him one swift look, then burst into a long merry laugh. "What is the matter?" she said, "I suppose you are not going to refuse my silly little request, I was foolish to ask it of a Yankee officer." Oh, what would his answer be? she thought, it seemed so, so long, tho' it was just a moment.

"No!" he replied promptly, "indeed I am not;" he sat down to the desk and dipped his pen slowly into the ink, he looked up then suddenly asked, "His name is?"

"Jack Hamilton," she replied, a slight tremor in her voice, though she tried in vain to control it.

"Oh, yes! the brave, handsome Southerner Hamilton!" he asked sharply, then looked straight at her.

"Oh!" she said, "if I have to be a bureau of inquiry, then I will withdraw my request," she stepped as though to walk away.

"Stay," he said, and dipped his pen in the ink and wrote the name. "You know I will do anything for you," he said.

"My!" she exclaimed smiling, "You have done such a great wonder, and all for me, and she made a mock curtsy and disappeared among the crowd of guests who were hunting for her.

The reception was over. What a night Leslie had had. She had been worried to death by so much attention, especially as she wanted to go right home. But she had set Jack free just as she said she was going to do. Now she wanted to go right home, and couldn't just because people would think that she had followed Jack. She

almost believed she didn't care, but on a second thought she decided that she cared very much.

So she had to stay another long dreary week more crowded with entertainments than the last. She knew she was rapidly growing more of a favorite than ever. Everybody was giving her receptions, dances, dinners and every sort of unpleasant thing. Oh! how tired she was of it all, how she longed to see her father and Jack. She had the medicine and wanted to take it to Mr. Preston, the manager of the hospital. Little she knew how much that medicine would do for her.

At last all her trials were over; home she started with permission to pass all the forces on each side.

She arrived at home at last. Oh what a relief it was to be with her father once more and talk with Walter about Jack. Leslie Carter's mother had been dead ever since she was a child, and never as now did she miss her. She longed to tell somebody everything. She didn't want to tell her father, although she loved him dearly, and she would not tell Sophia, her best girl friend.

Two or three days after she came, she decided one sunny morning to take the medicine, she had gotten with much difficulty, to the hospital. She had been so busy the last two days that this was the first chance. She had made some cakes and other dainties, as she said, "to take the taste out of the soldier's mouths," so she carried the basket. As she came tripping down the wide walk which was bordered on both sides with beautiful roses, she looked so like a fairy in the midst of fairy land that the old servants told stories of her afterwards. As she went through the gate the paper was handed to her and as she opened it the first thing that caught her eye was the heading, "Major Hamilton mortally wounded; his great bravery the cause of much talk." She was by this time accustomed to seeing such startling announcements, her friends had been killed by the score, so she did not wait to finish

reading it but hurried to the hospital where she knew Jack would be, for everybody from the Hamiltons was over at the hospital nursing except Mr. Hamilton and Walter and the latter had gone to war and Walter was staying with them. Even Dr. Mason had confined all his time and talent to the hospital. She walked mechanically onward not noticing how near she was to her destination, or unaware of a person near her, she felt a gentle touch on her arm and looking up saw Dr. Mason at her side. "Is-is he dead?" she stammered, not knowing what she said.

The old Doctor's eyes twinkled and he said, smiling, "Why, my dear, he is out of all danger, but as you are so anxious to know about him, take your basket up to Mr. Preston and then come to my office for I have something to tell you."

"Oh, what did I say?" she thought as the Doctor hurried her off to take the medicine and food. "I asked him about Jack, now he will tease me and worst of all tell Papa, and to think that Jack does not care for me." She could hardly keep the tears back. She hurriedly delivered the basket not paying the least attention to Mr. Preston's elaborate thanks.

What could Dr. Mason want to tell her about him! Ah, she remembered now that she had not mentioned any name. She would pretend that it was Ted Randolph that she was speaking of for Ted was her acknowledged lover all over the neighborhood.

At last she reached the office door which was open and walked in. The doctor was sitting in a big arm chair before a desk covered with papers, bottles and boxes.

Dr. Mason had determined to make Leslie as uncomfortable as possible, "to pay her back for all the times she had gotten ahead of me," he said afterwards. No one knew better than he Leslie's soft points.

"Oh! so you wanted to know about him; did you?" he began.

"I meant Ted Randolph," she explained rather ill at ease.

"Ted Randolph? Well I was mistaken then? he asked after a pause in which he was apparently thinking, "I thought it was Jack Hamilton, but I will tell Jack that he need have no hope, and tell Mr. Randolph of his good fortune, eh?" he continued.

Leslie felt herself growing red, and knew the Doctor was getting the best of it.

"You can't fool me little girlie," he laughed, "I have known it all along it was Jack you loved and firmly believed that he loved you, and now I am positive," he said.

"Please tell me how you know it? Why did he act so strangely?" she said excitedly.

The Doctor indulged in a long merry laugh. "What did I tell you?" he asked.

Leslie felt herself turning crimson, and felt as though she would like to vanish. The Doctor had enjoyed his victory long enough and so he was now going to make her feel more comfortable.

"Sit down my dear, and I will tell you," he said kindly. "When Jack was brought here very badly wounded, he was out of his head and continued so all that night and the next day. Well, as I was very fond of Jack and his people and most all of you," here the Doctor laughed much to Leslie's discomfort, "I volunteered to watch him all night and that is all I know, Miss."

"But that doesn't prove to you or me either that he loves me," she answered.

"Yes it does, because if it hadn't I would not have nursed him so faithfully."

"Oh! is that the only reason?" she said; much disappointed.



"No," said the Doctor merrily, he told me himself, then seeing the look in her eyes, he added quickly, "but he didn't mean to."

"Tell me about it," she commanded breathlessly.

"Well," said the physician, "he was always muttering, so when I sat by his side that night I thought I would see what was on his mind, he let it all out there," he exclaimed. "It was all about a Yankee who had come South for his health and was staying at the Hamilton's."

"Richard Wolcot," she exclaimed.

"Well, this Richard as you call him, seems to have fallen very much in love with you."

"And Jack got jealous?" she hesitated.

The Doctor went on as if no one had interrupted him, "and to have found out that Jack was in the same shoes as himself. Well, this state of affairs went on until one day the Yank saved Walter's life and asked Jack to grant him a favor, which of course generous Jack foolishly did, and that favor was that Jack Hamilton should never so long as Richard Wolcot lived ask Leslie Carter to be his wife," repeated the Doctor dramatically.

Leslie turned red and white by turns. "And to think," she exclaimed, "that I went to the Governor's reception with the horrid thing, and Jack in prison," and she burst into tears.

"A note for me?" There was not a little surprise in Leslie Carter's voice as she exclaimed this, for a note then was quite an event. She opened it hurriedly,

"DEAR LES:—The Doctor wants you to come up to his office to-day about eleven o'clock. He says he has a good story to tell us, so I guess if he'll let me I will come down.

Yours sincerely,

JACK.

The Doctor going to tell her and Jack a story! What could it mean? It must be a very good story indeed, if the Doctor was going to let Jack come down for the first time since he had been wounded. And she had not seen

Jack for nearly nine months, not since he had been captured; and she thought Jack had not seen her. Little she knew how he would lie for hours in the most uncomfortable positions, watching for her to pass, as she went to the office to find Mr. Preston with a fresh supply of dainties, or the delicious dainties would have been more plentiful.

As soon as Leslie finished the note she caught up the big straw hat from the rack and tying it on hurried off to the Doctor's office. She reached there just as the clock was striking eleven, and not waiting to knock she walked straight in. The picture was one not to be forgotten. There lay Jack upon a low sofa, his face as white as the pillow upon which he lay, there was the old white haired Doctor sitting in the same old armchair, and with the big hat on the back of her head, her face flushed with exercise, stood Leslie, glancing first from one to the other with a very inquisitive look in her eyes.

"Sit down!" exclaimed the Doctor, "I have a story to tell which I want you to judge." Leslie settled herself comfortably beside the couch, and the Doctor began: "Once there was a rash, obstinate, noble boy who promised to grant one favor to a friend who was going to ask him"—Jack started violently. "It was about a beautiful girl who was in love with the one who had promised the other—"

Here Leslie turned the color of the crimson roses on her hat; "he would never ask the girl to marry him. Now, Les, if you had been that girl what would you do if the boy had been wounded fighting for his country, and was lying by your side?"

Jack turned two large grey eyes full upon her, pressed his lips together and listened with his whole soul, though every vestige of color fled from his face.

Leslie shot a covert glance at him from under some long black lashes, turned crimson and leaned over, then—but everybody knows the rest.

## THE HISTORY OF THE JULIA JACKSON CHAPTER.

On a blustering day in December, 1898, twelve enthusiastic little girls braved the storm and met with Mrs. J. L. Sexton to organize a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy. The following officers were elected: Louie Jones, President; Caro Brevard, Vice-President; Douglas Robertson, Secretary; Alice Cowles, Treasurer, and the name of Julia Jackson chosen for the Chapter.

It was not, owing to various causes, until the last of January that the active work of the children began. They entered into it with heart and soul, and have now a membership of thirty-five. Too much praise cannot be given the little president; she has worked with enthusiasm; her zeal has never lessened, or her interest lagged, and she has been unfailing in her devotion to the Chapter.

Once a month the children meet with their leader, and each girl (we have only girls) responds to her name with an incident relating to the war. Sometimes it is of the leaders they must speak, again of the part played by the women, or the little children.

The older girls write on war subjects, and have shown not only careful study, but much originality in their work.

The little ones recite selections from our Southern poets and all sing the old war ballads of the Confederacy.

We are very proud of the gavel which has been presented to us by one of the sons of a Confederate Veteran. It is made from the limb of a cedar growing on the battlefield of Manasse. It was one of a thicket that marked the brilliant charge made by the Sixth North Carolina Infantry under the gallant Col. Fisher.

In April it was learned that the Confederate Veterans had no flag to take with them to the Reunion in Charleston, and the children begged the privilege of presenting them the colors.

Right heartily they worked, the time being short, and every spare moment was given to rehearsing a little play.

The result was all that could be desired, the acting was cleverly done, and nearly sixty dollars made for the flag. There never were happier girls than on the 9th of May, when, in front of the Court House, the President, in a graceful speech, presented to Mecklenburg Camp a beautiful silken flag; the flag those heroes loved and so faithfully served, the battle-flag of the Confederacy. And I think it must have been passing sweet to those battle-scarred veterans this knowledge of the children's love and devotion to the cause they represent.

Later \$10 was given for the monument to be placed at Winchester in memory of the soldiers of the Old North State, who fell defending Virginia's soil. After that we still had \$40 left in the bank, which we determined to put to some good use, though we had not decided what.

Mrs. Sexton being called south for the winter, we have had very few meetings this year, and so our work has not been carried on with the usual vigor. January 19th we celebrated Lee's birthday at the Presbyterian College and received quite a puff in the paper for our programme.

The latest event of the Chapter was the celebration of Memorial Day at Elmwood Cemetery. May the 25th we expect to present crosses of honor to the Men of Mecklenburg who wore the grey.

Last but not least, we must say something in praise of our never-tiring leader. She has held all the meetings in her beautiful home and kept up our interest with unflagging devotion. She has done all for our Chapter that man or woman could do; she has started it and it is to her we owe its existence even now.

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#### ORIGIN OF THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

This flag for which our fathers and forefathers laid down their lives, this flag is in our heart of hearts the emblem of the good, the noble and the true. We love, we honor, we reverence it. How our hearts thrill with sadness

and joy, that only a few of those who fought for it now live, with joy when on rare occasions we see its colors flying on the breeze.

At the battle of Manassas 21st of July, 1861, about four o'clock in the afternoon, our fate was trembling in the balance. General Beauregard had ordered troops to re-inforce him. He saw a column moving towards his left and the enemy's right. He could not tell whether they were foes or friends. He thought that probably it was Patterson re-inforcing the enemy.

General Beauregard used his glass and begged others to look through it thinking that probably their eyes might be keener than his. There was no breeze stirring and the dusty color hung limp on the staff. Not one could tell whether it was the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars. Suddenly a breeze lifted the colors and it was seen that friends were advancing under the Stars and Bars. What a shout was raised. It was Early with the 24th Virginia, 7th Louisiana and 13th Mississippi. When Beauregard saw them he said, "See that, the day is ours."

Early dashed into the field and Elzly followed with his men. In a few hours there were no more foes at Bull Run. After the Battle Gen. Beauregard saw the need of a flag. He called Colonel William Parcker Miles into consultation. General Beauregard proposed that the field should be blue, the bars red crossed, and the stars gold. Colonel Miles said that this was against the laws of heraldry and he proposed that the ground be red, the bars blue, and the stars white. When it was known that a design for a flag was wanted many were sent. One came from Mississippi, one from J. B. Walton and E. C. Hancock. They coincided with General Miles. It was decided at Fairfax court house that the field should be red, blue cross and white stars.

The three Misses Carey, of Baltimore and Alexandria, made the first flags; they were made of ladies dresses,



Miss Carey sent hers to Gen. Beauregard, who, not thinking it safe in his keeping, sent it to his wife. For further safety she sent it to Cuba, by a Spanish vessel, where it stayed till the war closed. After the war Gen. Beauregard presented it to the War Department. Miss Carey's sister gave hers to General VanDorn, and Miss Constance Carey of Alexandria, hers to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The gifts of these ladies were valued very much and they received sincere thanks from the recipients.

Very truly yours,

RACHEL HOWERTON.

### WILLIE'S POLITICAL ALPHABET.

Come Willie, come study your State Alphabet:  
 First A's for the Army—now don't you forget—  
 And B's for the Banner, the "Flag of the Free,"  
 For Beauregard, Barlow, Bethel and Bee!  
 And C's for the "Southern Confederacy" brave,  
 Our bold little ship, all afloat on the wave!  
 And D's for Davis, oh, wide as the sea  
 Shall the fame of our glorious President be!  
 Next E's for the Eight, they were first in the fight,  
 And F is for Freedom, the freedom of right,  
 And G stands for Georgia, the flower, the Queen,  
 And H is for Hampton, his legion I mean!  
 Now I is for Infantry, sturdy and strong,  
 And the J's to the Johnsons and Jacksons belong,  
 And K's for "King Cotton" he sits on his throne,  
 The monarch of nations, alone all alone!  
 And L stands for Lincoln, oh, woe to his crown!  
 "King Cotton," "King Cotton" is trampling him down!  
 And M's for Mannassas, our glory, our pride,  
 And N for the Navy, the waters to guide,  
 And O's for the Oglethorpes, glorious name!  
 O write it in gold on the pages of fame!  
 And stamp Carolina, the rebel the worst,

With a P for Palmetti, secession the first!  
And Q is so twisted, so twisted and twirled,  
That Q's for the traitors, all over the world,  
And R for the Rebels, the rebels shall stand—  
And S for Savannah, our own native land.  
And the Creoles the Tigers are graven with T,  
And U's for the Union, a wreck on the sea!  
And V's for our Victory, bright as the sun,  
And W for Washington, soon to be won!  
And X still a place in your letters must keep,  
O X is a cross for the heroes you weep!  
And Y for the Yankees, the Yankees is set,  
Then Z for the Zouaves—now don't you forget—  
For Z is the end of your State Alphabet.

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